A Maiden,

!>n. where art them ? In thine own
Nysa, thou our help alone ?
O'er fierce beasts in orient lands
Doth thy thronging thyrsus wave^
By the high Corycian Cave,
Or where stern Olympus stands j
In the elm-woods and the oaken,
There where Orpheus harped of old,
And the trees awoke and knew him,
And the wild things gathered to him.
As he sang amid the broken
Glens his music manifold f
Blessed Land of Pierie,
Dionysus loveth thee :
He will come to thee with dancing,
Come with joy and mystery :
With the Maenads at his host
Winding, winding to the West ;
Cross the flood of swiftly glancing
Axios in majesty i
Cross the Lydias, the giver
Of good gifts and waving green :
Cross that Father-Stream of story,.
Through a land of steeds and glory
Rolling, bravest, fairest River
E'er of mortals seen 1

A VOICE WITHIN.

Io 1 Io !
Awake, ye damsels ; hear my cry,
Calling my Chosen ; hearken ye I